

A N
ANSWRE
TO THE
Christmas-Box.

IN DEFENCE OF
Doctor D—n—y.

By R—t B—r.

Si, Pergumadentra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent En: 2:

D U B L I N:

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Mar 18, 1931

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For



AN ANSWER
TO THE
CHRISTMASS-BOX, &c.

YE damnable dunces, ye Criblers what mean ye!
To fall with your dogrell on Doctor D-n-y:
Such poor silly Criticks as you may go Whistle
You ne'er can run-down his familiar Epistle,
That *brilliant* Epistle which glitters and *shines*,
In Musick, in Numbers, in Diction, in Lines,
In Substance, in Spirit, in Force, and in Witt,
In Complements such as Augustus might fit,
Tho' what he has said of his patron is faint
Nor wonder, since no Man his virtues can paint,
For no Poet ever attempts to express;

Besides he divided, he gave the one half,
 Of all the Encomiums to himself and Sir Ralph,
 O! Wonderfull Prowess of genius, when he
 With so little trouble cou'd Complement three!
 His Lord and the Speaker shall live in his Poem,
 Six thousand Years after all readers shall know 'em,
 While Pindar, and Horace, and Virgil forgotten
 Shall be like their Heroes, Sunk bury'd & rotten
 For all other Authors his Writings shall be:
 (nish,

Like Ghosts at the sight of the Day-light they'll
 (vanish,

His glorious Epistle so shining and high
 Shall be like his Phœbus, that Lord of the Sky,
 Who, when on his *Chrysolithe* Throne he ap.
 (pears;

A Star dare not peep in the Sky for it's
 (Ears.

Now a word by the by; for I think it my duty
 Since you're so Mistaken to point out each Beauty,
 Observe with what judgment he shews this our
 (Ile,

A patron so artfull our Cares can beguile;

How that very pievish, Cross grumbler the
(Dean,

Does nothing at Court but of Courtiers Com:
(plain;

uch impudence tis, in a Man of his Station,
o put in one word for the good of the Nation,
hat he with Submission sits silently List'n-

(ing,
like a Clerk when the Person holds forth at

(a Christ'ning

at ventures at last like a Man of true Spirit
o cry, out my Lord, you must know I have merit
uch more than a thousand, and is it not hard,
at virtue so wondrous shou'd have no reward;

a pitiful Pittance five hundred a year,

a time that our very Potatoes are dear

Lord what I tell you is true to a Tittel,

may I be banish'd from licking your Spittle,

then, quoth my Lord, since you give me this

(Trouble,

ll you, in short you are ev'ry Way double;

bet as Docter, as Rector, as Vicar;

aler, as builder, as planter, as quicker,

But if you've a mind to be triple, rely on,
 My Word and I'll make you a second *Gergon*,
 Ye Critick malicious now read what he says,
 In those Matchless verses on *Farmianagh Ways*,
 Where all the rough pebles are polish'd so fine,
 Like Emeralds they sparkle, like Diamonds the

(shine, and

Whoever hereafter that fall on these stones
 Shall think it an honour to break half his bones
 Now see the finess of a true politician,
 He'd change for the worse and he'd thrash like
 a Priscian,

From thumping the Cushion to make those th
 (Nod. pay

Instead of a Sermon he'd brandish a Rod. e. bu

But Charly. (tho' Charly) is not such a Tool to b

To Change for more trouble a fine cure School e are

Four hundred per annum not one Shilling uad not c

To preach in two Churches twelve long Mil more
 (a funder.

And wade it a horse back in dirt to the knee, e Hor

When Paddy can better wade thro' it than he ng c

Observe his address with what artful Submissi poem

He tells his rich patron, his patrons conditi

quite ruin'd, and bankrupt reduc'd to a farthing,
 y making too much of a very small garden.
 y squand'ring his Mony in Dribs to the poor;
 e's ready to leave the key under the door.
 nd grieves that his patron has so much to give;
 hile he (more's the pitty is shifting to live.)
 ain he sollicit in manner most nice,
 ne, another more subtle and cunning device;
 ause he has hear'd that his patron's well read,
 one laves by his belly and begs for his head ;
 writing three Riddles had cost him such pains,
 h lil t he scarce had remaing three scruples of brains:
 cian, want of some Mony he's quite off the hooks,
 fe th pay off old scores and to buy him new books.
 Nod. d. e. build a house that he pull'd down already,
 Tool to buy a fine Ribba nd to give a fine Lady:
 Schoole are but a few, that I chose from the rest;
 g und not one thought in it but can stand the test.
 g Milmore I will venture to swear it surpasses;
 under. poems that ever were katch'd at Parnassus,
 knee. Horace to Cesar, to this is but barely,
 an he ng call'd a poem and Swift to is Harlow
 abmiff poem so valu'd, so often read over,